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*Vicissitude*,  
OR THE  
SUN & SHADE  
OF XXX.HOURS.

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VICISSITUDE;  
OR,  
**THE SUN AND SHADE OF XXX. HOURS.**



# VICISSITUDE;

OR,

## THE SUN AND SHADE OF XXX. HOURS.

A Poem.

BY

P. S. GLUBB.

---

"There is a sure Vicissitude below  
Of Light and Darkness, Happiness and Woe."

*Young.*

"How much of Change there lies in little space."

*Landon.*

---

LONDON:

C. A. BARTLETT, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
PLYMOUTH: W. BRENDON, GEORGE STREET;  
LISKEARD: J. PHILP.

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1856.



TO

MARY HARRIS,

WIFE OF

ARTHUR HARRIS, ESQUIRE,

OF ROSEVILLE, DARTMOUTH,

This little Work is Untribed,

BY

HER LONG OBLIGED, AND EVER GRATEFUL AND  
AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

P. S. GLUBB.



## P R E F A C E.

---

THE Muse undoubtedly makes but an indifferent Sermonist. A poet (sacred name) might possibly pen an excellent treatise on Moral Philosophy, or even reduce a system of ethics to proper verse; but despite his most strenuous efforts to pound and grind down together the incompatible Prose and Muse, that sweet essence, that indefinable something which we call Poetry, would escape, and the edifying result fail to be the vehicle of that species of pleasure which Poetry alone imparts.

Yet, it may be asked, has not the Muse ever claimed to be associated with instruc-

tion, and borne sweetly uttered testimony to the beauty and power of what is true and good? Yes; as in one sense have all God's works, since the day when first "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy;" and the chiefest of all below—a man whose soul is in tune with the universe, of which he is a musically adjusted centre—such an one

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

From this canon of Nature, the Muse takes a hint; and holding up the eloquent finger points to her own creations, as the Architect might to the sacred building which he planned and intended to be in form and compartment suggestive of worship and holiness. One design, therefore, of the following Poem is, by suggestion rather than by formal precept or "austere admonition," to point an

unobtrusive moral, and dispose the mind of the Reader

“To see through every fair disguise  
That all but Virtue’s solid joys  
Is Vanity;”

and to reflect on that sure Vicissitude which obtains below, the transience of all human matters, and of man himself “never continuing in one stay;” in other words, on all things as subject to CHANGE,

“Which, whether the spontaneous child of will,  
Or birth of force, is imperfection still;”

but many a perfect gift “cometh down from the Father of lights;” and the greatest bestowed on Man, and one of endless variety, is LOVE: to sing of it as “First Love,” lifting the bosoms of parent and child: to present it in form scarcely less beautiful, the enthusiastic, uncalculating *Friendship of Youth*: to illustrate the “*Grand Passion*,” now unsul-

lied, as when it first lodges amid the snows which girdle a maiden's heart, now perverted, mixed with base alloy; again, as a chaste sentiment, though unhappily conceived, ill-directed, cherished in vain; or, as in the Lady Gray's case, a memory of the dead displaced by a present living Rapture: and, lastly, to show forth Love Divine as Charity, descending from heavenly places on the sacrifice of a contrite heart, "before the Cross subdued;" these, with other objects as imperfectly attained, is the Author's aim. It is published without any expectation of fame, or even of notice beyond the narrow circle of his friends, within which circumscribed bounds the Muse a wooing goes, and hopes to win the suffrages of a few;—if not

"Her task is o'er, and she has wrought  
With self-rewarding toil."

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

---

HISTORY informs us that Edward IV., in the earlier periods of his life, possessed many shining qualities; was a prince of the most elegant person, and insinuating address; bold and sagacious; at times susceptible of the tenderest feelings of natural affection, and even of religious impressions; the growth, however, of a day, the blossoms of an hour, fruitful in disappointment alone. A prince of so versatile a disposition, whose fortunes and character seemed alike under the sway of Mutability herself, aptly figures as "*our hero*" in a tale bearing the title of *Vicissitude*; Elizabeth or Eliza Gray (whose career was

even more varied and chequered) as heroine. The slight thread on which the Author's thoughts are strung tends through the Sunshine and Shade, the Happiness and Woe, of XXX. Hours to that "devoutly to be wished" for consummation of true love, their marriage, just falling short at the proper place of being wound around the torch of Hymen itself. Fabyan's account of its secret solemnization will be found in a note that follows immediately on the close of the last Canto; when the curtain drops, it is still the coming event, the *paulo-post-futurum*, which casts its refreshing shadow on the concluding stanzas,—  
“*Finis coronat opus.*”

The good people who were present at the Royal nuptials, besides Elizabeth's mother, were, according to Fabyan, “two gentle-women, and a young man to help the priest sing;” to each of these are assigned a name, a place, and a part to play in this drama of

Hours. The barest hint, also, in History, of such a personage as Lady Gray's guardian, or trustee, suffices for the creation of the bluff Sir Henrick Guy, not an uncommon type of knightly bearing in those days; although, by reason of the forfeiture of Elizabeth's lands and dower, *functus officio*, yet must he be considered in the light of "a friend of the family," who, being reputed an "honest spoken," worthy man, thought himself privileged to be a most disagreeable one. Of the same company, last and least, is the urchin Carl, a member of that wee fraternity of pagedom assigned to break the peace of households. The scene is laid in Devonshire, at Crairne Castle, where the disguised sovereign is received unawares, and recognized by the Earl of Warwick alone. The Lady Gray's presence there, as guest of the mighty "King-maker," will appear less strange, when it is remembered how much "*good lordship*" (pa-

tronage) he affected to bestow on her, even recommending "his right well beloved Sir Hugh John" to her most favourable notice, in a lengthy epistle which is still extant, and of which Miss Strickland naively remarks, "No one can read it without the conviction, that the famous Richard Neville had some ambition to become a match-maker as well as king-maker."

## VICISSITUDE;

OR,

THE SUN AND SHADE OF XXX. HOURS.

### Canto the first.

—“Thus was  
This night, the crisis of King Edward’s fate,  
The monarch learnt to love, the earl to hate.”



EAR famed of yore was Crairnwood-dale,  
By limner’s art, and minstrel’s tale ;  
It still retains the name of wood,  
Girt as it is for many a rood  
With dwarf-oak, birch, and cherry wild,  
And the slim fir, the mountain child :

Nor does the husbandman repent  
(The curse reversed) his brow-sweat\* spent,  
Where tilthy acres fair and wide,  
And pasture fat on either side,  
Yield, in full recompense of toil,  
The produce of a grateful soil ;  
Yet Nature, lavish of her grace,  
Reigned not sole empress of the place ;  
Calm, on a rock of higher tread  
A Castle raised its antique head,  
And seemed to claim dominion wide  
O'er woodland, dell, and nether tide,  
Giving Devonia's fairest vale  
A second name, The Castle-dale.

Here mighty Warwick as a king,  
His haughty mandates issuing,

\* "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." (Gen. iii.) By due submission to which decree, the curse is reversed, and a blessing descends on labour;

"The doom is half in mercy given,  
To train us in our way to Heaven."

In this baronial fort sustained  
The Rosy feud, which darkly stained  
The fee of England, hacked and cleft,  
Without a glebe unbloodied left ;  
Here, by a king besieged the while,  
He on assault and siege would smile,  
And from its eminence defy.  
That king to do him injury ;  
Here—and hence its historic fame—  
Edward, the Fourth of that dread name,  
When manfully he did oppose  
Henry the Sixth, Lancaster Rose,  
Had in this fortress safe retreat  
To sally forth when thought he meet.

Some few years later, when that throne  
He claimed of right, by might was won,  
King Edward visited this place  
Of former struggle, where His Grace  
Had reaped full ears of leal affection,  
Bright, garnered in his recollection :

None readier were than Devonshire yeomen \*  
To meet the brave Lancastrian foemen,  
As willingly they stripped the sword,  
When urged by Clarence and their lord,  
For Henry, who, erewhile they swore,  
Should never reign in England more :  
Each Monarch of the deadly feud  
Cursed thee, O false Vicissitude !

Disguised, a seeming Windsor knight,  
His arch-necked charger simply dight,  
Without attendant courtly train,  
We introduce the Sovereign :

\* Such was the general instability of the English nation, and Warwick's popularity, that on the occasion of his landing at Dartmouth with "*false, fleeting, perjured. Clarence,*" he drew such multitudes to his standard, that his forces speedily amounted to sixty thousand men, ready to give Edward battle,

"Tall *yeomen* seemed they of great might,  
And were enraged ready still for fight."

Descending from the Fleathen Tor,  
Proudly that steed his rider bore,  
Thridding with wary step drear crags,  
Where, so the tale is told, foul hags  
Disport themselves, when shrieks of death  
Rise from the maddened sea beneath.

Anon the sinking path unwound  
Cairne Castle, then, the sacred mound,  
The consecrated field where fell,  
And buried, slept Lord Mervindell ;  
With whom a hundred Yorkists brave  
Were slain, and found a common grave :  
The tomb emerged from twilight blue  
Remonstrant, on a nearer view,  
So thought the king, strange voices cried,  
“ Alfred has cursed thee since he died,  
And loves thee not, for he hath spoken  
With his betrothed on earth, heart broken,  
Who charges thee and Lancaster,  
Alike with causing this disaster : ”

'Twas Conscience, not the voiceless dead  
Who spoke, his bosom, not that bed  
Of shroudless skeletons which stirred  
And heaved ; his heart-throbs Edward heard ;  
His soul replied, though Silence found  
Herself unfractured by a sound :—  
“ O Alfred, thus laid low in youth,  
I would have died for thee in truth ;  
To-morrow night I will return,  
And tell thee, lost one, how I mourn.”

And ere the grey retreating light  
Had given place to sable night,  
The king arrived upon Crairne plain,—  
A glade redeemed from wood and main,—  
Athwart he sped and gained the steep,  
The castled sentry of the deep ;  
Thence, as with upward step he bent,  
He heard the sounds of merriment,  
Which discomposed the English king,  
Who thus complained, self-communing :—

“ More lively seems my Lord than sage  
Holding our nuptial embassage,\*  
Go, documented Earl, and try  
Thy skill as wooing deputy,  
And bear away thy Master’s chance  
Of happiness to hated France :  
What if the sullied parchment roll  
Bears not the impress of my soul,  
What if I must reserve my heart,  
It has my seal, then, Earl, depart ;  
And Heaven forgive the mockery,  
This trafficking of Royalty,  
This most unfond delusion, where  
A crown is bartered, that an heir  
May be begotten for the nation,  
The nation’s sole consideration—

\* The Earl of Warwick was dispatched by Edward to Paris, where the Princess Bona, sister of the Queen of France, resided, to demand her in marriage for the King : the King of France and the Earl were therefore highly incensed when the secret of Edward’s marriage to Elizabeth broke out, and the haughty ambassador returned to England inflamed with rage and disappointment.

Be it then mine, I am content,  
My best affections are well spent ;  
England a sacrifice demands,  
Enough—I seize with ready hands  
The cords which bind me to the altar,  
Nor shall reflection make me falter :—  
Be drowned in wine or noise, dispersed,  
O Thought, by any means coerced  
To quit me ; Ay, my Lord, proceed ;

\* \* \*

But ill success alone, God speed !”  
The king soliloquised no more ;  
We leave him here, and hie before,  
Elude the warder, gain the hall  
Where Warwick feasted great and small.

[Wing up the vale of ages past,  
Alight within these walls at last,  
Companion Spirit, view the scene,  
Then let the ages intervene.]

Spirit, no fort in Devonshire  
Hath oft'ner borne the foeman's ire ;  
See, Mars himself esteems this place  
As one well worthy of his grace ;  
Yet has it given frequent birth  
To festive Joy and gladsome Mirth :  
This vaulted roof, how often rung  
With wassail glees by minstrels sung !  
The feast had not to-day begun  
Till nigh the setting of the sun ;  
See, piled around substantial cheer,  
A fatted calf is portioned there,  
And venison, produce of the chace,  
Smokes on the table's oaken face ;  
The Castle's fare, I ween, can boast  
Of dainties rare, baked, boiled, and roast.

Lo ! Warwick's Earl, once known to yield  
In Council, ne'er in battle-field :  
Proud baron ! King-maker though clept,  
Lord Edward's counsel must be kept,

It is his will, Sir, for the nonce  
That you unking His Grace, this once ;  
Disguised, an errant stranger knight,  
He'll crave admittance for the night,  
Straighten the deferential knee,  
Nor over reverential be.

Who sits the nearest to the earl ?—  
They call her “ England's priceless pearl,”  
A sacred borrowed wealth, God's loan,  
An emanation from His throne :  
Though widowed now, the Lady Gray,  
Once hight, “ Elizabeth, the gay,”  
Ere fate had dealt this cruel blow  
To sate its lust of overthrow :  
Yet Time hath shed a healing balm  
On her racked soul, a settled calm  
The rough wind followed, blasts which sweep  
By where the young untimely sleep ;  
And twice two years restored in part  
Her former lightsomeness of heart.

The gentle-born attend on her,  
Sweet Helen Green and Julia Kerr,  
Scarce self-existent beauties these,  
Who by their contrasts mostly please ;  
Rivals they are, the pretty pair,  
Two damsels from God's hand, most fair !  
Not far removed, their vis-à-vis,  
Adored by *both*, sits Godwin Lee,  
A child of song, he loved but *one*,  
(Of this, however, more anon.)  
A handsome boy, of doubtful age,  
Near Julia stands, " my lady's page,"  
Or plague domestic of past days,  
Who stood so much in household ways ;  
Dame service yields him scant delight,  
Ere long Carl hopes, this wayward wight,  
To be a soldier, wear a sword,  
And wait upon a warlike lord :  
A lordling next, it would appear,  
And next a pedant, unnamed here,  
Astonishing Sir Henrick Guy,  
Vice-president, who can't reply ;

He, honest, upright, downright churl,  
Renders bluff fealty to the Earl.  
Further it need not be explained  
Who at this time are entertained ;  
Many, doubt not, of high degree,  
Of lofty genealogy  
Are here, while those of lower caste  
Beneath the salt hold their repast,  
As anciently sufficed one hall  
For host, and guest, and menial.

Huge joints untouched, with broken cheer  
From weary tables disappear ;  
Wine circulates, the jest goes round,  
And Bacchanalian songs resound.

[It is not given us to hear  
The voices of the dead,—prepare,  
Companion Spirit, to be thrown  
Quickly as raised, the ages down.]

One sang the praise of chivalry,  
Another that of minstrelsy,  
A classic third of mighty Jove,  
Or mightier still, the god of Love;  
Though some denied this last position,  
And quite denounced the wee magician;  
“Who,” asked the pedant, chief of dolts,  
“Compares Love’s darts with thunderbolts?  
The childish feat of pricking sore  
Youth’s blood-dilating fibrous core,  
With riving hearts of gnarlèd oak  
By *thun’*—just then a harp-string broke  
With snappish twang, that snapped asunder  
The—bolt, and rent the rending *thun-der*;  
This claim preferred by Dan Apollo  
Was then discussed, we need not follow.

“Phœbus Apollo, hence! begone!”  
Quoth the lord Earl, he rose alone;  
“Come unembodied, abstract song,  
With lute and harp, and chorus strong:

Or, Gentlemen, by your good leave,  
The product of his walk last eve  
We'll crave from Lee, perchance some lay  
To celebrate his natal day,  
To-morrow's anniversary."

He ceased ; and nearer, summoned, came  
Godwin renowned, of lyric fame :  
Now Godwin deemed it pain and sorrow,  
That he was twenty-one to morrow,  
Clinging, as well one might in truth,  
To the sweet morning-tide of youth.  
When o'er the chords his fingers ran,  
He felt assured, and thus began ;  
His theme suggested by the sound  
Which night's commencing bell spread round.

---

The last quivering pulse of the curfew-bell  
Distributing sullen dole, cadence of day,  
Had lapsed on the deep as the funeral knell  
Of the Sun that then shot forth his farewell ray;

When day-worn and sad to the Midwood I sped,  
Where the rooted king sways a century's growth,  
And the diamond-eyed toad on rank mossy bed,  
A slimy thing squats, self-intent, beading froth.

And the deep fathomed stars soon claimed to be seen,  
Slyly peeping between each helmeted wight  
Of the darkling woodland, while Nature serene  
Held me silent and still, the child of the night

To her sleep-yielding bosom ; and friends far away,  
Beloved, oh how dear ! in a far distant home,  
Seemed to fit round the heath-clad bank where I lay,  
And "to bless Thee," they whispered, "hither we come."

How I yearned in that dream for my fatherland,  
And wept as each friendly shade left me forlorn,  
"Return, my beloved of a once merry band :"—  
"We may not,"—the breeze-wafted answer was borne.

I awoke by the hand of the night, dark wind  
Swept the strings of this harp which lay at my feet,  
And crept o'er my bosom, as if it would find  
Some answering chord harmoniously set.

Ere long each tall tree donned her ray-woven gear  
Through the desolate wood, which volumed with lays,  
The throat-bubbling notes of a Nightingale near  
A moonbeam cascade, leaf-lit font of his praise.

But my soul was attuned to the fitful lyre,  
As discursive it lay on moon-kindled ground,  
Its querulous pleadings my muse did inspire  
With a sadness akin to its joyless sound.

---

“And thus we sung, my Harp and I,  
Struck by the low winds passing by :

(Godwin, looking down.)

“My Harp, I ask, when youth has fled—  
Mine trembles on the wing, I know—  
Do hearts grow cold?—my spring has sped,  
Summer is come, I scarce know how;  
I weep—the effluence of mine eye  
Is thy transmuted melody.

“ Soon must I quit that inland shore,  
 Where glide the waves of life untost,  
 And sound all joyous depths no more,  
 Drawn by the rapids to the coast,  
 This breast shall stem a gulfy main,  
 Tell me, what feelings fresh remain ? ”

(The Harp.)

“ All, all shall fade, as melts the hue  
 Of morning skies, or sunset glow ;  
 There outer darkness\* broods, where blue  
 Day’s arch uprears ; a life may flow  
 On like a shining, warbling stream,  
 Then as a torrent rage and gleam.

“ For strength sufficient only ask  
 To manfully fulfil thy days,  
 To wage encounter with God’s task—  
 Think not to build a life with rays ;

\* The Harp alludes to the fact, that, beyond the atmosphere the midday sky would appear black, up into which the blue arch below gradually darkens.

Duty before and joy behind,  
With Mem'ry's link may be combined."

(Godwin, looking up.)

"Parent of all! 'Thy will be done  
On earth,' where all things lovely die ;  
Life is a battle lost or won,  
O soul! for all eternity,  
'Fight the good fight,' gird on the sword,  
Lay hold on 'buckler,' 'shield,' and 'WORD.'"

---

Of Truth a licensed dereliction,  
We deem Lee's woodland dream, a fiction  
Impromptu woven as a proem  
To usher in his birthday poem.

The Earl pronounced it "somewhat witty,"  
And thus bespoke another ditty :—  
"Now prithee, Godwin, further prove  
Thy courtesy—come sing of Love;

They tell me, in this fruitful theme,  
Thou art well versed, and need'st no dream  
With drowsy Morpheus on the sward  
To woo the Muse"— . . . . .

“ Nay, good, my lord,  
She hides her face for very shame”— . . .

“ Godwin thou ever wert the same,  
I knew thee when a whistling boy,  
Attuned and bashful, skilled and coy :  
Well, improvise some other strain ; ”

“ My lord commands, and not in vain ;  
And yet, methinks to say him, Nay,  
Were far less bold than to obey  
With unpremeditated lay”— . . . .

“ No, no, extemporise again,  
And have this trinket for thy pain.”

But Helen deemed it personal,  
And bade him disregard the call,  
“ Or,” whispered she, “ I dare not stay,  
And who shall tend the Lady Gray?  
Nay, Minstrel, drive me not away;”  
Who first bespeaking to his side  
The maid retiring, thus replied :—  
“ Take courage, Nell, the bonny girl!  
It is a mischief-loving earl,  
Though kind withal,—I see his drift,  
Not to be met with churlish shift,  
But parried as a pleasantrie,  
For witty, child, he tries to be:  
Oh! would I had more ready wit,  
My foil should be some dextrous hit,  
Yielding obedience with evasion,  
So as complaint have none occasion—  
Ah—here it strikes me, what if I  
With both your high behests comply,  
As Helen is my *second* love,  
I'll sing the *first*, if she approve.”

This made the lovely Helen pout,  
She thought herself the first, no doubt :  
And for a while a cloudlet stood,  
Betokening Vicissitude.

---

## GODWIN'S FIRST LOVE.

A Mother's love ! A Mother's love !  
A thought to bless, wherewith to pray ;  
Holy as holiness above,  
Pure as the purest star-born ray ;  
A theme that Angels dwell upon,  
The love a mother bears her son.

The younger "sons of men" spurn rest :  
Like doves escaped the ark's repose  
They wander forth the world ; Her breast !  
As years advance more sacred grows,  
Where oft I leant my boyish head,  
And deemed my little troubles fled.

Passion is fever; though it gain  
Responsive love, yet still that joy  
Is tumult, is rapturous pain,  
Mingling with transport an alloy;  
The travail of immensity,  
The fervour of intensity!

My Mother, thou didst kindle this—  
The heart's sunshine distilling balm,  
“First love,” deep as the vast abyss  
Of waters lulled in mighty calm;  
No higher subject theme I prove,  
Transcends subjection. “God is Love.”\*

---

Varied applause this effort crowned,  
And Helen's brow no longer frowned.

The while one demonstrating shout  
Dilates, a bugle raised without

\* Unde nil majus generatur ipso,  
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.—*Horace.*

Shrill minstrelsy ; “ Let all who crave  
Admittance, speedy welcome have,”  
Enjoined the earl,—on which he rose,  
And signified he would propose  
A health,—“ Arise, my merry men all,—”  
They needed not a second call,—  
“ With brimming bowls this toast receive,  
Edward the Fourth ! long may he live,  
His Royal issue aye remain  
Rulers of England and the main :  
My friends, ere morn, I quit this strand  
To seek from France the marriage hand  
Of Lady Bona for our liege ;  
Then for success we will besiege  
High heaven with prayers, obtained will ring  
The welkin with ‘ God save the King ! ’ ”

In time to hear the loyal toast  
Received, in acclamation lost,  
The king ;—gloom hidden from his host

The entrance nigh, at first he stood,  
Merged in the whelming vocal flood.  
With morion doffed and body bent,  
He rendered mute acknowledgment,  
Himself obnoxious to rebuff  
From Henrick, rightly named ‘the bluff,’  
Who with some others took offence,  
And bade the Stranger say,—“ nor whence  
He came, nor whither bound, but why  
He claimed in such a company  
To represent His Majesty.”

The king amused, saw his disguise  
At least withstood their jealous eyes ;  
“ Well, Gentlemen,” he said, “ these spurs  
Have won that right, I keep it, Sirs ;  
And now pass on to greet my lord—  
Hold ! Earl of Warwick, not a word,  
Pray understand, I am a knight,  
Who fain would be thy guest to-night.”

All made him way, serf, knight and lord,  
All deemed for him the upper board ;  
The stamp of ancientry, a mien  
Hard to define though felt and seen,  
He bore, majestic as a god,  
By risen liegemen stately trod,  
But stopped on hearing Guy exclaim,  
“ The Stranger still conceals his name,”  
Calmly replied :—“ A fortnight hence  
You will regret this insolence,  
And on low bended knee shall crave  
The pardon you already have.”  
To which, Sir Malapert replied,  
King Edward passing from his side :—

“ Oh ! oh ! this night-begotten owl  
Crows like a very barn-door fowl :  
What was it ?—Yes—a fortnight hence  
I shall regret this insolence,  
When on my bended knee I crave  
The pardon I already have :

Brave strutting Chanticleer, prolong  
This hen-inspiring, dung-hill song ;  
By Nature dubbed a knight, invested  
With feathery coat of arms, comb-crested ;  
Thy spurs, sweet rooster, are they golden,  
Or native horn, leg-sinew holden ?  
Give us some rules of heraldry  
Whereby to judge thy pedigree,  
Thou herald\* of the vaunting Sun"—  
But here Lord Warwick cried—"Have done!"

No vain retort from Edward broke,  
No look of Majesty bespoke  
A king irate, he only smiled  
To hear his manhood so reviled,  
Save of contempt, that smile revealing  
The presence of no other feeling,

\* "I have heard  
The cock that is the trumpet to the morn,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat  
Awake the god of day."—*Hamlet*.

Dim, inarticulate response  
Enjoining silence, and at once  
On Henrick, who, as one afraid,  
Was 'neath the spell majestic laid.  
And as he spoke, his piercing eye  
Glanced o'er the throng inquiringly :

“ Propitious Chance, divine by birth,  
God’s hidden Providence on earth !  
Well thou hast brought me to this hall  
Domestic, truthful, wherewithal  
The pregnant air prolific bears  
Its loyal burthen to my ears :  
The ancients have it, deep in wells  
Truth\* underground a damp nun dwells,

\* Truth was personified by the ancients, as a young virgin dressed in nunlike apparel. Democritus used to say, that Truth hid herself at the bottom of a well, to intimate the difficulty with which she is found.

"Tis false, "*above board*" she abides,  
Ay, and in Castle Crairne resides.

" When on the fields of Teuton plain  
The Red Rose bled, and when again  
Duke Edward died, but lived your king,  
Me thence he took, nor found unwilling  
In war to be *his body-knight*,  
In peace to serve him as I might ;  
Which being so, can wonder more  
Have place that I my prince adore,  
My body bend, and helmet raise,  
Rejoiced to hear my Master's praise ?  
Enough of self and attitude,  
My sole offence is gratitude,  
The King, God bless him ! would his Grace  
Were here to answer in my place.

" And now, fair Lady, grant the prize  
Of thy approval, lend those eyes

In commendation, and command  
My homage on that snow-drift hand : ”  
The Dame allowed the sign he tendered,  
Knew not the fatal gift he rendered ;  
His Highness rose, and cheerily  
He helped punctilious time to fly !

In truth the hours danced along  
Like merry maidens charged with song.

A sculptured cask, a man in shape,  
Held the red juice of purple grape,  
Crairne-Bacchus hight ; the tendrilled vine  
And ivy round his temples twine ;  
Polished wood, with store o'erflowing,  
In the torch-light winking, glowing,  
A rare device, each hand distilling,  
Crushed from the clust'ring grapes, the rilling  
Ruby wine, while the pseudo god  
With naked feet his wine-press trod ;

A crimson sluice the goblet filled,  
And merrily his life blood spilled.

“Evoe Bacche! Io! Io!\*  
Wine, Wit, and Woman, sparkling trio,  
Hail at the festive board!—Can Lee,  
To paragon with these, name three  
So welcome?” asked the nation’s Sire,  
The minstrel nodding, sought his lyre,  
Resumed with sweeping expedition,  
The throes of *triple* composition,  
MUSA and Vox their parts assayed,  
MANUS executively swayed,  
(An autocrat of chords resembling)  
That hand the strings obeyed with trembling;  
Their gentle raptures parleyed long  
A soft appeal to wed the song;  
Accompaniment, Muse and Voice,  
The trio of a Minstrel’s choice.

\* The Greeks at their festivals in honour of Bacchus were accustomed to cry aloud—Evoe Bacche! Io! Io!

With aye recurrent thirst they quaffed  
The bubbling, sparkling, purpling draught,  
Results ensued, rare sublimation,  
And chemic, gross precipitation,  
As some to heaven took wing, while more  
Toned to the level of the floor :  
Yet Woman's influence appeared,  
No blush compelling jests were heard.

“ *In vino veritas* ;”—that night,  
O “ *sober truth*,” misnomered wight,  
Thou know’st full well their *loud* reception  
Of Yorkist toasts, was no deception,  
“ *Vox et præterea nil?* ”\*—We doubt it—  
Highly suggestive sound about it :  
That unsuspected vintage spy  
When harboured, proves an enemy  
To all concealment ;—with bland smiles  
The warder Judgment first beguiles,

\* “ *Ex nihil’ nil fit*,” to meet the exigencies of metre.

Takes up his keys, and strangles Reason,  
When all escapes, e'en hidden Treason,  
If skulking found the courts within,  
Forth babbled by the stealthy wine.

[All Vanity! the preacher cries,  
And Vanity of Vanities!  
Ye Spirits, clothed upon with clay,  
Shivering on life's beaten way,  
Your "broken cisterns hold no water,"  
Your souls are famished spite of laughter,  
Creatures on a breath relying,  
The world that maddens you is dying.]

On, on the jocund hours swept  
Into the deep abyss they lept;  
Until with raven wingèd flight  
Drew on the "witching hour" of night,  
When elfin spirits leap the bounds  
Of fairy land, to go their rounds

Wherever mischief might be found,  
Or moonlight sleeping on the ground :  
Wiling away the time when dark  
With frolick dance by glow-worm's spark,  
And laughter ringing as a bell  
Timed to the notes of Philomel :  
When thirsty, circling in the dance  
They sip outlying dew perchance,  
If hungry, taste ambrosial fare  
Which the boon gods to fairies spare :  
And ere the Sun comes forth the skies,  
As from his bridal chamber, hies  
A joyous swain, away they roam  
In search of clefts, and crannied dome,  
Where to bestow their little selves,  
And lodge Titania, Queen of elves.

Nor the conjoining hour,\* nor fay,  
Nor aught was paramount in sway

\* The noon of night, which links day to day.

That night to Cupid, he, the sprite !  
With fatal twang and all his might,  
Had shot a messenger of smart,  
The shaft of Love, the god-sped dart ;  
Unerring flew the godling's toy,  
The knightly stranger by a boy  
Was led a thrall, content to be  
The vanquished by Love's agency.

Yet not for him sad "babbling brooks,"  
Retired glades, sequestered nooks,  
There to write sonnets of his love,  
With lone rehearsals in a grove ;  
No unproductive melanch'ly  
E'er drained the sluices of his eye ;  
No moon inspired maunderings,  
Or self-discoursing wanderings  
Did he affect, such moping plight  
Had ill become a belted knight,  
Whose fame accredited a king,  
His royalty illustrating.

Ere long another shaft did rest  
And revel in Eliza's breast,  
Effecting compensation so  
For Edward's hurt and dire blow :  
What law, what skill do such wounds own ?  
God's holy ordinance\* is known,  
The world-wide remedy but one.

\* \* \*

---

We pause—of thee, Vicissitude,  
Inquire, where now are they who stood  
Around the jovial King, and where  
That king ? Thou canst not answer—Here  
In my domain,—Eternity  
Commensurates their Destiny :

\* "Holy Matrimony, instituted of God in the time of man's innocency; which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with his presence, and first miracle which he wrought in Cana of Galilee."

Were they shipwrecked? Were they landed?  
Are they harboured? Are they stranded?  
Oh tell—the halls wherein they revelled,  
Thy ruthless hand long since has levelled,  
But stones\* may cry out,—beam and rafter  
Out of the timber speak hereafter  
Of hidden talents, wasted treasure,  
Unworthy aims, ignoble pleasure.  
Yes, on that adamantine wall  
Of Destiny surrounding all,  
That night came out the strange handwriting,  
The fingers of a man inditing,  
“Mene, Mene,—Great Yorkist Chief,  
Thy proud dominion shall be brief.”

\* “For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.”—*Hab.* ii. 11.



## Canto the Second.

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" Is it then strange, the darkest hour  
That ever dawn'd on sinful earth  
Should touch the heart with softer power  
For comfort, than doth revel mirth ;  
That from his Crown the monarch's eye should turn,  
And near the Cross, the mourner cease to mourn ? "

---

" Had she never loved sae kindly—  
Had she never loved sae blindly—  
Had they never met, ne'er parted,  
She had ne'er been broken hearted."

---



HE next day's Sun had early seen  
His surgy couch of yestere'en,  
Flooding the flood with beamy wealth,  
Mocking each cavern's hoarded stealth,  
As glancing on the wave he spied  
Treasures to human ken denied,

Then planned foul treason 'gainst the main,  
When he should sink below again :  
Thence the supply, Celestial knave !  
Whereby a heavenly path you pave  
With golden sheen, thieved from the hold  
Where Ocean gurgles o'er wrecked gold,  
Requiting him for sunset pillow  
With robbery beneath the billow.  
Yet unabashed the lord of day,  
The risen Sun, held on his way,  
And scarce had cleared the lustrous brim  
Where faint horizon's azure rim  
Blushed at the parting of the Sun—  
So joyously his course begun—  
When huntsman's horn was heard to sound,  
Rousing the choral baying hound,  
The sportsman's preparation note,  
Clanging within the Castle moat.

And outward rushed the motley pack,  
Each hind one skirring o'er the back

Of his foremate in the career,  
A pressing, headlong, eager rear ;  
Unheeded by the huntsman, they  
Gambolled these ecstasies away ;  
With just discrimination, he  
Advanced or checked their jollity,  
Considering this frolic play  
An earnest of good sport that day :—  
When discipline forsook the throng,  
While in full cry they swept along,  
Unsparing glanced the stinging thong,  
Concerted Pæans marred thereby,  
Their onward current turned awry :  
No recreant fear of “ strappado,”  
Repressive of their glad ado,  
Dammed the full current of those joys  
They found in motion and in noise :  
Adown the steep in bands they swept,  
Achieved the plain, and on it leapt.

So rock engendered waters flow,  
And leaping join the lake below,

To mingle with the listless wave  
Of saltless depths, whose billows lave—  
Recurrent to the quitted land—  
A mimic beach, a shell-less strand,  
Where herbs in place of rocks expand ;  
So they in tumult sought the plain,  
In wanton mood ascend again,  
To plunge once more as harvest rain ;  
Glancing like swifts\* encircling space,  
Receding to return apace,  
As if coquetting with the base.  
Soon their prime energies were spent,  
No longer amorous of descent  
They in Crairne vale were reunited,  
The hunt complete, that night benighted.

Here the appointed rendezvous,  
This the hour—and the game in view,

\* “Swift, a bird like a swallow.”—Johnson.

There Gentlemen of goodly port  
Are marshalled, eager for the sport :  
Yet linger they,—wherefore this pause ?  
Lo ! yonder the unconscious cause  
Of this intentive, strange delay,  
They tarry for the Lady Gray,  
Nor deem such dalliance ill repaid,  
For less, much longer all had staid.

Spell-bound beneath that lady's bower,  
The eyry of the Western tower,  
Trembling like Love by Beauty's side,  
Or swain enraptured of his bride  
When first in ecstasy is won  
The proof that they indeed are one,  
The King,—one hand lay on his steed,  
The other soothed a throbbing head  
Where fevered pulses had arisen,  
And smote the confines of their prison,  
Staining his milk-white brow with hue  
Of crimson interlaced with blue ;

Hopes too, ere day of bright clues spun,  
Disrupted fled the risen sun,  
And sickly pale misgiving quite  
Reversed the judgment of the night.

A warning cough and well-feigned sneeze  
Recalled him from his reveries ;  
Startled, he first became aware  
That some one did the terrace share  
With him, who, though he did encroach,  
Would signify his nigh approach ;  
To whom the King :—“ My pretty boy,  
A page, or some such lady’s toy,  
I ween it is,—inform me, pray,  
Thy owner, does she hunt to-day ? ”  
Who answered : “ Such is her intent,  
Stranger, ‘ the toy ’ is hither sent  
To guide you ’neath yon battlement,  
There to assume, if so resolved,  
Lord Warwick’s rule on you devolved—

See, yonder barque which bears him glides  
With flowing sails o'er halcyon tides.

“ His kinsmen here, have no command  
Though they be nobles in the land ;  
Ah ! ah ! Sir Henrick was astonished,  
He chafes and frets, must be admonished :  
Yet to confirm my lord’s selection  
Awaits my mistress your protection ;  
She prays”—but here the king cried—“ Hold !  
I’ll win from her that prayer,—here’s gold,  
My boy brocaded, and it may  
Take further guerdon, holiday ;  
For ord’ring thus, thy lady’s ire  
Shall rest on me, her knight and ’squire,  
Attendant sole, who will engage  
She shall not miss a tricksy page :  
Hie hence, Sir Spruce,” nor added more,  
Toward the battlement he bore,  
Near which, on palfrey black as jet,  
His future Queen the monarch met.

As skims the mount, the mountain-glede,  
When downward tending to the mead,  
So they amid the hunt alight,  
Like mated birds of even flight ;  
Up rose the boist'rous "Talliho,"  
Chafing the hills with vocal blow,  
Reflected eddies thence rebounding,  
Earth and sky alike resounding :  
Aroused thereby the village swain  
Hastened to meet the hunting train :  
Regardless of proverbial ban,  
Beyond his last the cobbler ran,  
" *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*"  
Was Latin, nay quite Greek to him.



Deserted was the hamlet green,  
There unbrushed dew at noon was seen ;  
No boys were found that day to grace  
Their marble-ground in Alley-place,  
For they likewise preferred the chace.

The farm-boy left the dull plough-share,  
But not his master's fav'rite mare;  
The loamy trench and steel heaved clod  
Marked his encounter with the sod  
On Fleathen hill, ah luckless wight!  
Little did these avail that night,  
The watchful hind declared that they  
Had ribbed the soil before that day;  
Two unctuous lines did there attest  
His morning's traverse, plough impress'd;  
What then? O much! that night, alack!  
More furrows numbered on his back.

Unconscious of the stealthy siege  
By him, her unsuspected liege,  
Against her person, be it said  
With shame against her honour laid!  
Elizabeth—the cherished guest  
Of Warwick—through Crairne village pressed,  
Her escort following, who back  
Warded from her the surging pack.

It skills not, suits not to explain  
His plans conceived that day in vain,  
His dream of love's endearing action,  
(Alas ! without love's honest paction)  
What little by his ride was gained,  
And what by Royal mandate feigned,  
To which submiss, the Dame consented  
To be by him at Court presented,  
First stipulating that her friend  
And guardian Henrick should attend  
Her there ; also, that another  
Summons issue to her mother  
In Calais \* lodged, to cross the water,  
And be at Windsor with her daughter :  
All which with grace the king conceded,  
Resolved on subterfuge, if needed.

But **CHANGE**, the subject of my theme,  
Ruled the monarch's young love's dream :

\* Calais at this time belonging to the English.

That night before the Saviour's cross  
He knelt; till then corroding dross  
His passion-freighted bosom burned,  
Within which sepulchre inurned,  
His heart exulcerated fed  
The worm of loose affections bred.  
But while by Alfred's grave, and rude  
Stone cross he prayed, Vicissitude  
Stilled the waters wild which bubbled,  
As by evil angels troubled,\*  
Stemmed the current downward surging,  
To destruction Edward urging.

We follow not the hunter's course,  
Though mounted on our fleetest horse,  
Unstabled Fancy, winged and bold,  
Whom space and time are scant to hold :

\* An allusion to the extraordinary commotion in the pool of Bethesda, by the good angel troubling the waters, as recorded by St. John v. 4.

At eve we'll visit Midwood grove,  
Where we have seen Lee loved to rove,  
Where first his lady-love he met,  
And often hoped to meet her yet.

\* \* \*

Time speeds ; nor less a fugitive  
That day than this wherein we live,  
It sped.—

The Sun declined his car  
In Neptune's bosom, and the star  
Of passing day revived to shine  
With youthful lustre on the brine :  
The ploughboy homeward strolled along,  
Light was his heart, and loud his song,  
Bidding dull care from him begone ;  
Nor was the loiterer alone,  
A dog Hectorian was seen  
Chasing the milch kine on the green,  
One dame alone of all the cattle  
Bent low to give him hornèd battle ;

The rustic whistled his recall  
With threats of neckrope, branch and fall,  
Low crouched he, till a coney started,  
Then o'er the footpath quickly darted,  
Disturbing troops in quest of food  
Of swift-winged pigeons of the wood.  
All the day long through bush and brier  
The Redbreast moved like detached fire,  
Now rose with wing-assisted hop  
To descant from the hawthorn top  
His praises of the cool twilight,  
Ere warbling forth a last good night.  
Sage owls from dew-drenched coverts broke  
And words of *wit* and *woe* they spoke.  
It is not strange that we should find  
Godwin beneath the oak reclined ;  
Was it the force of expectation,  
Or magic of association  
Which led him there ? E'en both, I ween ;  
For soon that way came Helen Green,  
Who thus addressed her future lord,  
Smiling negation with each word :—

“ In truth well augured—near the tree  
Where first he lost sweet liberty ;  
Oh ! graceless spot, and worse the day  
Which saw us throw that boon away ; ” —

“ My Helen durst not quite refrain  
From smiles, lest credence she should gain :  
Oft do her footsteps hither tend,  
As if this oak tree were a friend ;  
Come, rest beneath, confess all, own  
‘ It is not good to be alone.’

“ Bright Angel ! aye on Thee intent,  
A life itself were not ill spent,—  
An Angel—No ! a maiden \* dear  
Within a practicable sphere  
Haply to love and cherish here : —

\* “ A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature’s daily food.”

To-day, forthwith, this very hour  
We'll seek the aid of priest O'Gower,  
(Who lives hard by the Scarlet grove,)  
And God Almighty from above  
Shall bless, and holy Church with rite  
And hallowed sanction give ere night  
The full "....

" Stay, Minstrel, I implore,  
Plead not so eloquently sore ;  
My Mother will not give consent  
Until another year be spent ;  
Besides, until St. David's day  
I may not leave the Lady Gray ;  
Love, duty, honour, all are nought  
Were I to entertain the thought."

To which poor Godwin with a sigh  
Suggested bootless remedy,  
And ardent words he did employ,  
As might another love-sick boy ;—

“ Oh, Helen ! does thy pulse beat true  
To my heart panting, struggling through  
To palpitate more near thy breast,  
The sanctuary where it should rest ? ”  
But all the maid vouchsafed to say  
Was, “ Godwin, I am pledged to stay :  
Were you a duke, a prince, or more,  
I would not wed a king before.”

Just then a rustling sound was heard,  
And Julia, Juno-like, appeared,—  
Who on her husband often pounced  
Sans ceremony, unannounced,—  
At first she acted a surprise,  
As if discrediting her eyes,  
And counterfeited a confusion,  
And feared somewhat about “ intrusion ; ”  
Then—as if words could not express  
How much she loved her to excess—  
She locked poor Helen in her arms,  
Conceiting that her own bright charms,

By force of contrast would appear  
To more advantage, Helen near,  
“ For thus compared, who knows,” she thought,  
“ Godwin may prize me as he ought.”  
Unhappy Julia, most undone !  
Unsought thy maiden heart was won  
By his perfections shone upon ;  
Seldom proud man gives love for love,  
Except he first the passion prove ;  
Till now unpractised one in guile,  
Love taught thee this artistic wile.

And Helen, like a startled fay,  
Seemed much inclined to run away,  
But turning, desperately, said,  
“ Discomfiture attend you, maid,  
And ill success lead to repentance—  
Dare you”—but Julia closed the sentence  
With—“ Yes, the very heavens,”—and fled,  
As one pursued the maiden sped.

Helen released as from a vice  
Was taxed by Godwin with caprice :—  
“ Not so,” the tearful girl replied,  
“ Be death my spouse, or else thy bride,  
If Julia should usurp the throne  
And filch from me the heart I won.  
She thinks comparison must prove  
Her charms more worthy of thy love ;  
For this she wreaths with envious toil  
And heartless aptitude, the coil  
Of radiant arms round me her foil,  
Deeming her beauteousness must be  
Enhanced by my propinquity :  
Oh, cast on her a scornful eye,  
Those rare perfections do not spy,  
Think not such beauty cannot wound,  
Thus Julia gains the vantage ground  
Of opportunity—God knows !  
I am not fearful without cause.”

“ Helen, forbear—on whom, dear maid,  
Are my heart’s best affections staid ?

Though Julia were more bright than you,  
Brightness could ne'er my soul subdue ;  
Her regal mien, complexion, grace,  
The glories, may be, of a face  
Wrought in patrician, faultless mould,  
Inade the senses, but with cold  
And moonlike splendour, an excess  
Of glitter, lacking loveliness ;  
High admiration is their due,  
Deep adoration is for you,  
My beautiful beyond compare,  
Ne'er can I cease to worship here !”

---

First will the Morn-star circling round the Sun  
Wheel off delirious, and eccentric run,  
The Moon a fugitive, her mazy race  
Abandoned, reckless plunge through outer space,  
Helen,       Ere I forget Thee !

Then shall the Spring forget with conq'ring bloom  
To wile dull Winter forth, and in the room

Of hoary mantles, spread her doublet green  
With gems\* inwrought, <sup>h</sup>were riband streams are seen  
Unrolled, when I forget Thee !

How can the Day forget to chase the Night  
With balmy wings, the enemy of light,  
From lingering o'er earth's platform dull  
In sullen silence, Nature being full  
Of sleep ? Or, I forget Thee ?

Sun twining Phosphor ! Alpha of day's page !  
Thy torch shall fail : the last revolving age  
Wind up to God : thy blunted sickle, Death,  
Thy shears, O Fate, be closed within one sheath,  
Time past ; Ne'er shall I fail Thee.

---

We do not think she took amiss,  
That Godwin sealed this with a kiss ;  
If so, how strange that she should place  
Her hand in his, while face to face ;

\* Gems, or first buds.  
"The *gems* exert their feeble heads."—*Phillips.*

They tell a thousand different things  
In confidential whisperings.  
Encircled by his pressing arm  
The warm embrace raised no alarm  
In Helen's breast, the maiden knew  
Her honour was her lover's too,  
And was unwatchful, as one sleeping,  
Of what both knew was in safe keeping :  
Such unsuspecting innocence  
Surrounds itself with lovely fence,  
Secure, O PRUDE,\* as thine array  
Of looks severe to ward away  
The "*ruder sex*,"—betraying this,  
A skill and consciousness amiss,  
Which often dare the "men deceivers,"  
To pluck the bud amid the briers,

\* A prudent woman acts *piously*, soberly, and temperately. A prude is commonly one who, distrustful of herself, affects a womanish reserve foreign to her nature: the nature of the one is "debonair and accostable;" of the other, supercilious and saturnine.

A fame unblown, hedged in with thorns  
Unplanted by the Lord, who scorns  
Such painful lies; pray God, thy strength  
Is not in fighting at arm's length:  
The taint of sin is in thee, go  
And wash thy breast where waters flow.

Ay, "to the pure all things are pure,"  
And virgin fearlessness is sure:  
Helen's abandonment of all  
Consideration of a fall,  
*And* maiden bearing, debonair,  
Showed Modesty's unbounded wealth,  
Not to be filched away by stealth,  
Or lost by chance, as if it were  
Of most uncertain tenure there.

A snatch of love intense like this,  
Involved them in a world of bliss,  
Computed by its happiness,  
A life itself might measure less,

Though it were weary long in years,  
A platform thronged with ghostly fears,  
The struggle ground,\* where unawares  
The enemy hath planted tares.  
But we must leave this plighted pair—  
May Angels guard such everywhere!—  
And follow Julia home, abashed,  
Regretting much her fame so dashed;  
The stake was lost, the die was cast,  
“The bitterness of death is past,”  
She cried; “surely for this my error  
Shame might atone, without the terror  
Which threatens here,”—with this she clasped  
Her head, where firmer madness grasped:—  
“How could I hope with him to wed,  
That he would wind the golden thread  
Of his existence round my life,  
How could I think to be his wife!

\* The debatable ground between good and evil, into which conflicts and offences “must needs come,” the tares sown by him, who is *par excellence* The Enemy.

Yet with a brother's love he sought me—  
 He was not such, to this he brought: me—" "  
 A piercing shriek closed this reflection.  
 And swoons which threatened life's defection;  
 But soon reactionary pain  
 Brought back excess\* of life again.

Three weeks of mental fever toil  
 Ensued: she thought a burning coil  
 Of fiery snakes her fate involved,  
 Until the problem knot be solved;  
 When to the task she would apply,  
 Loud demon laughter racked the sky,  
 While Satan, mocking, on her head  
 Poured crucibles of molten lead;  
 His mouth the vent whence hellish slime  
 Rolled turbulent from clime to clime:  
 Dense iron ribbed his shrivelled wing  
 Which vibrated with heavy swing,

\* Excess of action both of mind and body distinguishes brain fever from every other malady which flesh is heir to.

As on a lofty hill he stood  
To fan dark tempest on the flood,  
Spreading contagion on the earth,  
Wafting pestilence and dearth ;  
When raised, it smote the deep blue sky,  
When lowered, papal Italy ;  
There all around its cursed vibration  
Flung mental blight and devastation,  
Loading the air with noisome sand  
Swooped from Sahara's desert land,  
To blind the eyes that would not see  
Beyond their Catholicity.

A show of reason intertwined  
With frenzy ; her labouring mind  
Visions suggestively devised,  
Systems of madness methodised,  
A thousand incongruities,  
Fever linked continuities,  
A mazy round—now upwards whirled,  
Then to and fro, were downwards hurled,

Till broken, stranded near the sea  
Of wild, waste imbecility,  
Which lasted a thrice welcome lull  
Of many weeks, the while her full  
She drank of healing calm oblivion,  
Released from fever's blood-stained pinion,  
Which smote her youth, but strove in vain  
To strike life's "silver cord"<sup>\*</sup> in twain;  
That severed, never more revolves  
The "cistern wheel," the breach resolves  
Wedded Integrities,—The Soul  
And Body—life filled "golden bowl,"  
And sacred "pitcher," complex whole,  
Time's pendent woof and rounded <sup>†</sup> span,  
The inner and the outward man.

\* See Ecclesiastes xii. 6. The silver cord is thought to mean the thread of life. The broken golden bowl, pitcher and cistern wheel, the functions and offices of life utterly discharged and the vital spirits exhausted.

+ "Thou hast made my days as it were a *span* long."  
(Ps. xxxix. 6.)

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."—Shakespeare.

The griefs successive that befell  
Poor Julia, it were vain to tell,  
Beyond the purport of our song  
E'en to recount, the sum were long.  
Weep not for her, who overwept  
But one more winter drear—then slept:  
Rising above the waterflood  
Crushed by thy wheel, Vicissitude,  
From out its clay her spirit fled,  
(Blessed are such in Jesu dead,)  
And with The Lamb on Sion stands,  
Where John beheld those countless bands.

\*                    \*                    \*

\*                    \*                    \*

\*                    \*                    \*

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Vicissitude we sing, our theme  
A sample of life's chequered dream,  
Ringing the changes, ay for long  
Existence echoes on the song.

Save where the heavens thy glory, Lord,  
Declare, and flash th' eternal\* word,  
Of CHANGE alone day tells his brother,  
And one night certifies another;  
What revelation of the morrow  
Had yesterday, or tale of sorrow,  
While hob and nob, and cheek by jowl,  
They quaffed and laughed, and drained the bowl?  
The Earl's departure quenched their gladness  
And, foglike, rose a chilly sadness,  
Its origin at first concealing,  
E'en as a vapour onward stealing  
Coming forth the morn; dark clouds brewed  
Thy ushering storm, Vicissitude,  
And nameless weeds of bitterness  
Sprung rootless up, concealed no less,

\* "For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven." (Ps. cxix. 89.) It is established in the heavens, where the rulers of day and night (Gen. i. 16), by His decree, are unaffected by the convulsions and vicissitudes of the earth and its inhabitants, and declare Him the glorious and unchangeable God.

Their poisonous vicinity  
Roused chemical affinity,  
A Weed and Cloudlet did unite,  
And deadly Night-shade rose to light,  
Illustrated, the herb of gloom  
Died monstrous on its birth-place tomb.

E'en thus the king betrayed a feeling  
Of ill-content, no cause revealing,  
The sympathetic vapour spread,  
Centred, ere night, round Henrick's head,  
Later, assumed a form defined,  
A being instantly resigned  
When brought to light, by him who sought  
To know—" why Joy had fled ? what wrought  
So balefully, since that high hall  
Was furnished for a festival."



## Canto the Third.

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"WHAT scene is this?—amidst involving gloom,  
The moonlight lingers on a lonely tomb."

---

"What sequel?—Streaming eyes and broken hearts?

\*                  \*                  \*

Not so."

---



OW solemn Night draws on apace,  
Ere which, the twilight yielding place,  
The weary Nimrods reached Crairne  
plain,

That neutral holding of the main  
And wood, till both resume again.

Without the fort the page awaited  
The king's return, the guest belated;

F

A little Master he at large,  
Who held no handkerchief in charge,  
No tasselled bags, except in scorn,  
And fans as weapons to be borne  
By those who knew that trick of old  
Of fanning hot and fanning cold ;  
An art which practice soon begets  
In flirting maids, and skilled coquettes.

Not knowing why his rider tarried,  
Scarce conscious of the weight he carried,  
Above the sea-bird's rapid flight  
The urchin's pony, (flushed with height,)  
Contemned the little country town  
Below, unconsciously unknown,  
As buckled to the mountain foot,  
It clasped seclusion by the root ;  
Pert daws which flecked the civic sky,  
Pony o'erlooked right scornfully,  
Some "beating up," some "beating down,"  
Perhaps in mockery of graces  
Beneath displayed in market places.

The day then melted from the sky,  
And foundered in eternity  
What time the huntsman's sluggish horn  
Reversed the order of the morn  
At Castle Crairne ; peevish and short,  
The blast which summoned to their court  
The listless pack, whose hopes were straw,  
Their last resort, and flesh-pots raw,  
The carnal vision of this crew  
Besprinkled with the evening dew ;  
Thine once, O Jacob, ill supplied  
With straw in Egypt, these denied  
When all along thy tented bourne  
Spread angels' food each coming morn.

Stern bolts fell back with rusty moans,  
Obstruction fled their noisy groans,  
Huge gates, relaxed from mutual hold,  
Cleaved in the midst their massive fold,  
Concordant discords creaked each hinge,  
Like those whom gouty fires twinge ;

Portcullis rattled from the ground,  
Leaped the apparent quick rebound  
Of lowered drawbridge, all around  
Reflecting echoes caught the sound,  
Scarce entertained, each mimic child  
Flung it o'er woodland, waste and wild,  
Or scattered it upon the main,  
Regardless of return again ;  
Save one, an Echo of great note,  
Which to the castle's stony throat,  
Th' enfranchised archway, back repelled  
Sounds which 'gainst harmony rebelled.

Dogs, horses, hunters, all passed in  
To food and bed, too much akin  
Were they, their days in sports were spent,  
Who ate, drank, slept and were content,  
Men having instincts, scarce more mind  
Than many of the canine kind ;  
True, choicer spirits mingled there,  
Which leavened the masses everywhere,

Such who in course of ages brought  
A feudal dynasty to nought ;  
Who felt that Liberty was truth,  
And nursed the seedling in its youth,  
The sapling of a riper age,  
Later—shading God's heritage—  
A Tree : O Liberty ! by none  
Save Britons worn, as wooed and won,  
Resolvedly :—but to return  
As truants, to the Castle bourne.

'Twas Godwin's birth-night, and it stood  
Contrasted by Vicissitude  
With yesterneve ; the silent stars  
Rose against joy, led on by Mars,  
Presiding planet at his birth,  
When Lee became a child of earth.

Although the feast was re-enacted,  
And groaned the board with food impacted,

Yet cheerless all, for Warwick gone,  
No genial spirit led them on ;  
There intruded, Mirthless Folly,  
Spite of Bacchus, ever jolly,  
In the torchlight winking, glowing,  
Polished cask with wine o'erflowing ;  
Maugre Helen's smiles on all,  
Which Godwin thought too general,  
And, lover-like, embargo laid  
Upon the artless, laughing maid :  
And begged his lassie would observe  
In their bestowal more reserve.

By right of tenure, Henrick Guy  
Weighed on their worships heavily  
As *ex officio* president,  
The senior knight then resident.  
In vain the richly freighted bowl  
Steamed on its course, his darkling scowl  
Fell like a half enjoined embargo  
Upon the amber-tinted cargo,

And nigh condensed the misty woof  
Which rose in tribute to the roof,  
Draping a naked synod there  
Of gods enthroned in ebon air,  
Dim, grisly Saturn "*in the chair:*"  
Which oak-carved Deities above,  
Appeared to mourn their absent Jove,  
Or thus to Edward seemed, who sought  
Above, below, around for aught  
To furnish him with some pretence  
To rid their evening of offence:  
At last this conclave high he spied,  
And beckoned Godwin to his side:—

"Permission granted, Lee, define  
The *jovial* and the *saturnine*—  
Nay, cease those learned disquisitions  
On opposites and appositions;  
Come, cast your eyes around this table,  
Raise them to yonder classic fable;  
Well, shortly answer, are you able?

Not so? then by St. George I will;  
But fill meanwhile, each tankard fill—  
Knaves, bring the far-famed Neville bowl,  
No more half measures, by my soul!  
Leave these, my mates, to politicians,—  
And fond expediency tacticians—  
Here's to your absent lord, God speed him!  
And give him safe return, we need him!  
Have I thy sanction, Lady mine,  
To banish thus the saturnine?"

" Ah, gallant Stranger," she replied,  
" Ill were such office thee denied  
By me, who did this morn engage  
Thy friendly services as page!  
But, good Sir Knight, I seek permission  
To give those terms a definition,  
In short 'tis this—Where Jove presides,  
Jovial the company besides,  
When Saturn, though no less divine,  
Spring influences saturnine."

On these broad hints the rueful knight,  
Wildly disposed for instant fight,  
Swore stoutly by all powers that be,  
That he would have revenge, would he !  
Incense of oaths, incensed he scattered,  
In fuming, spuming volley spattered.  
Fearful of curses on her head  
Elizabeth with Helen fled.

To him the sovereign—" Revenge—  
For what?—so mad a challenge  
Spare,—and for this most urgent reason,  
No crime is worse defined than treason,  
And with the king's own body-knight  
The caution you observe is slight;  
Be counselled lest"....

With scornful frown

Here Henrick interposed with,—“ Own  
Mild guest, at once thy real intention,  
Without such useless circumvention,  
To keep thee safe—Thy mother quote

As an authority of note  
On 'mad' encounters; or, thy wit  
Might cite a text from Holy Writ,  
Appropriate, no doubt of it:  
Oh for the days ere knights could read,  
And 'benefit of clergy'\* plead,  
God grant this learning may not spread!"

"I am not craven, Henrick, yet  
I raise the gauntlet with regret,—  
Know then, the Lord of Culverland,  
High Steward, has the king's command  
Forthwith to summons Lady Gray  
To Windsor Castle, there to pay  
Accustomed homage, on receipt  
Of thirds withheld, too long I trow,

\* Formerly any man when convicted for the first time of felony might claim to be set free, if while at the bar he pleaded the benefit of the clergy, and could prove to the satisfaction of his judge that he read as a clerk, though not in holy orders.

Rents forfeited—no matter how—  
Since York achieved the Royal seat;  
She wills, I pray you mark the word,  
Entreats your aid, that aid afford,  
Safe conduct till the newly dowered  
Return o'er yonder drawbridge lowered.

“ Still listen, Henrick, round a king  
Obstruction circles—take this ring,  
Within the Castle precincts known  
As mark of royal favour shown  
To him, whose signalized right hand  
The token bears, it will command  
A ready furtherance, and gain  
An order from the chamberlain  
Directed to the henchmen standing,  
Upon the throne-room staircase landing,  
Bidding their chief, the noble Vane,  
Present you to the Sovereign:  
Recal not this night’s exhibition,  
Forget it—ask the king’s permission

To break a lance with Edward Rose,  
Who with success may chance oppose  
And test your single combat powers  
'Neath Windsor's proud palatial towers.  
One more direction—should a fear  
Of chastisement beset you there,  
Return the ring, and quite rely  
On my forbearance, Henrick Guy :”  
And smiled the merry-hearted king  
At his success in bantering,  
The burly knight thus answering :—

“Enough—this royal gift of thine,  
This ill-prized passport ring be mine ;  
Until thy sword or lance redeem it,  
As pledged and forfeited esteem it.”

“Most reasonable—well, forbear  
All further parle, and keep the chair,”

Rejoined the king :—“ Ah, luck betide !  
So soon returned, Lee ?—step aside,  
This window near, where mimic day  
Is curtained from the pine-torch ray.

“ Yon Moon looks in disconsolate  
On all our folly ; will she wait,  
And climb another window pane,  
Or, shedding tears of pearly rain,  
Sink back within the swarthy cheek  
Of night extinguished ? O meek  
And gentle Lune, thy borrowing eye  
Looks down on me reproachfully—  
Nay, I shall keep my promise yet,  
And long before thine orb is set,  
Queen of Reflection, will proceed  
To Alfred’s grave—Ho ! Knaves ! my steed  
At once bring round, let one await,  
Here’s silver, at the postern gate  
Till midnight :—Does it rain or threaten ?”—  
“ Sir, neither, and uncapped the Fleathen ;

The gossips say, Fear wind and flood  
 When Fleathen dons the misty hood."  
 " Good—use dispatch.

\* \* \* \*

" Now we are rid  
 Of all annoyances, and hid,  
 Quickly, my friend, the message show,  
 She will consent! 'tis surely so?"

" Your worship, yes, within the hour  
 Named, beneath the Western Tower,  
 She and her maidens will repair  
 To grant the audience sought for there:  
 A coral rounded 'No' at first  
 She dropped, then murmured, 'if I durst,'  
 And paused, relenting, then did say,  
 'Yes, as he leaves at break of day:'"—

" Somewhat reserved—do you suppose  
 She favours still the fallen Rose?"

“ She makes no sign, seems to espouse  
No cause, since Death took hence her spouse ;  
Henry a braver knight ne'er lost,  
Well nigh a victory it cost  
The blood-stained Rose, so many fled  
When through the host, the tidings spread,  
That Gray, their chieftain Gray, was dead.

“ Then through the sorrow-laden air  
Sailed grimly forth the camp Despair ;  
Like clouds with rapid thunder fraught,  
Sad messengers these tidings brought  
To Woodville Park, where Lady Gray  
Waited the issue of that day :—  
“ The battle's won, but deadly fought,  
The victor knows how dearly bought,  
A thousand men by Yorkists slain,  
Lie cold and stiff on Alban's plain :”—  
They paused—  
“ My husband tarries—where ?—  
Speak—say he comes, will soon be here,

Or else is wounded, wounded sore,  
But lives!"—"O Lady, never more!"

"How strangely first she smiled, and muttered,  
'Lost husband, all my joy'—then uttered  
A wild, wild desolating shriek,  
Which from her woman's heart did break  
Ear with'ring cry, like which the yell  
Dives tormented howled forth hell,  
When water was denied his thirst,  
And none to pass the 'great gulph' durst—  
But must your worship go?"—"I must,"—  
"And when return?"—"Ere twelve, I trust,"  
Replied the monarch, ill at ease,  
What said the Minstrel to displease?

Capricious love! more fitful still  
Than veering winds, or woman's will;  
Though from the loved one never ranging,  
In operation ever changing;

E'en should thy course run smooth, the breast  
That entertains thee parts with rest :  
Thy Hopes (too dazzling bright) with fears  
Inwreathed, are gemmed with smiles and tears.

As by a tether bursting, loosed her wings,  
Endowed with canvas-life a young ship springs,  
So Edward, with impetuous bound,  
Sped forward to th' intreasured mound :  
Beneath, and where his clasped hands fell,  
Lay the young lord of Mervindell,  
Where with a hundred yeomen bold  
He fell, and found death's common hold ;  
A simple monumental cross  
Bore record of the nation's loss :  
The blasts of winter o'er them rave ;  
Sea fogs their solemn councils have,  
Encamped around the hill-top grave,  
And parley with descending clouds,  
A conferential host in shrouds.

Low bent the king,\* where true hearts slept,  
For Mervindell the monarch wept,  
And for a few short moments thought  
His royalty too dearly bought:—

“ Dead, *useless* friends are oft forgotten  
Ere the concealing boards are rotten;  
Not Alfred, thou, my more than brother!  
In early days, ‘ Myself the other,’  
We would in sport each other call,  
Remembered ever, and remembered all.

“ Perished, hidden! here lying cold  
Within three feet of me: Unfold  
Him, clay-clenched inches! let me see  
My schoolmate, comrade, friend—No, he

\* The following scene is not inconsistent with the character of Edward IV., who, to quote Lord Bacon's words, was a man “of the last impression, and full of change.” Vicissitude was the ruling genius of his fortunes and character.

Shall never, never more be seen,  
His white feet glancing on this green :

“ Throb on the turf where last they trod,  
My brow, warm the unyielding sod,  
Which strike, my heart, with pulsing grief  
Some phantom raise of my boy-chief ! —  
All, all in vain, there comes no shade,  
No fond illusion to my aid ;  
I cry, he answers back with blood ;  
Am I a Cain to be withheld ?  
‘ Show me some token, Lord, for good.’ ”

Cold he rose from the dewy ground,  
Stillness the deep response around ;  
To fall upon that grave again,  
He thought an easement of his pain,  
And :—“ Oh ! he would build a palace near  
The tomb of his Alfred lone and drear ;

And, oh ! if prayers avail the dead,  
A hundred hundred shall be said,  
'Show me some token, Lord, for good !'"  
Christ heard, a sign before him stood.

His eye fell on the cross, which pointed  
Heavenward, the throne of God's Anointed ;  
He saw its granite arms outstretched  
To guard the spot where Alfred fetched  
His latest breath ;—watchful, alone,  
Immoveable, that grey moor stone,  
Ever pointing, ever keeping  
Arms extended o'er the sleeping,  
And e'en as if a father blest,  
It soothed the hurricane to rest  
That swept athwart his royal breast :  
The bloom of an attesting smile  
Witnessed the peace he had the while ;  
Like star-light o'er the dusky brow  
Of heaven it passed—the dying glow

Of some lone hill-top beacon fire  
Night quenched ere rose the day-spring higher.  
And on his lips a coal\* was laid  
Living and burning—Edward prayed :—

“ The cross hath spoken : We shall meet ;  
Though on his skin the deathworm thriveth,†  
I know that my Redeemer liveth,  
Shall stand upon the world he trod  
Of old with mercy sandal'd feet,  
And in the flesh we shall see God,

\* Signifying, in Edward's case, the kindling in his heart a hope for the dead, and purer love for the living, with the gift of utterance vouchsafed. (See Isaiah vi. 6, 7.) “ Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand—from off the altar,—and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips.”

+ Edward IV. was at times susceptible of passionate religious feeling, evanescent and fruitless; we are, however, led to believe, that the mere cry of nature, or of emotion such as is above described, is not unheeded by our Merciful Father in heaven. There was little sincerity in Ahab's repentance, and it was of very short continuance, yet God was pleased to regard it.

Each for himself, and not another,  
When Christ restores my hidden brother :  
O great I AM ! mysterious WORD !  
Life, Saviour, Resurrection, Lord,  
With whom all ransomed spirits dwell,  
‘ Thou shalt not leave his soul in hell.’ ”

Pause we an instant, mark the power,  
Effectual, which wrought that hour,  
The “sure and certain Hope” he felt  
Spring from the grave whereon he knelt.

Prayer purified, the monarch swore  
That he would sue, as ne’er before  
Had been his wont, when from above  
He stooped to conquer—not to love—  
With passion pitiless, to urge  
Adown the steep of ruin’s verge  
To weak compliance, sure unrest,  
Of his regard the most unblest.

With manly suit, in lowly guise,  
He would find favour in her eyes,  
Nor lure her fancy with a crown,  
His love he felt was worth a throne,  
Elizabeth's, a prize too great  
To purchase with his Royal state.

Each happy CHANG<sup>E</sup> high heaven beheld,  
And Music, solemn child of eld,  
And sister of the Harmonies,  
Dispread the prayer absorbing skies :  
The Moon, sweet echo\* of the Sun,  
The softest diapason shone,  
Her prism-gamut spanned the sky  
Thrilled on a shower passing by ;

\* Echo—Diapason—Prism-gamut. A fancy drawn out of the analogies of sound and light, their reflections and vibrations, the seven notes of Music, and sevenfold “moon sprung Iris,” or rainbow formed by the rays of the moon at night.

While she, no sorry segment wasted,  
Through fleece and surf, by boulders hasted.

In varied, tuneful order blent,  
Were moon-wrought banners, light besprent;  
The plamy WEST, orchèstra seemed,  
Where silver cloud-carved viols gleamed;  
Figures grotesque, transcendental,  
Cloudy and metaphysical,  
Their tomes\* of mist hard by disposed,  
Piled, scattered, falling, open, closed:  
Amid Druidical remains,  
And cromlechs built on azure plains,  
Were Magi coming from the EAST  
With stores of myrrhine gifts opprest:  
Dark navies held the SOUTH in charge;  
While Monsters trod the heavens at large:

\* The most boasted fabrics the Transcendentalists have raised (on paper) are perpetually melting away into mist; reminding one of

"Cloud towers, by ghostly masons wrought,  
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought."

Coruscant streams the quickened NORTH  
Discharged, to vibrate Music forth,  
Who nigh the king was first revealed  
By piping Shepherd, copse-concealed ;  
He mingled with the scrannel sound  
Of whistling reeds a soul profound,  
Dealt without measure when the boy  
Laid down his graduated \* toy  
To pour forth worded melody ;  
He wist not that a king was nigh.

And thus unwittingly, he sung,  
Himself upon the green sward flung :

---

Two grief-laden Zephyrs, exploring their home,  
Through the blue paved halls of the Ocean roam ;  
Compared with the Winds they are tiny and small,  
In volume and voice, in their rising and fall.

\* Pan's pipe, composed of reeds of *gradually* increasing length, and decreasing shrillness.

On the vistaless deep, abroad in the night,  
They bend the dark wavelets, and crest them with white;  
At intervals burst their bewildering sobs  
On Solitude's ear, with time-measuring throbs.

Two hell missive hounds follow fast in their wake,  
Regret and Despair, and at times overtake  
The twin Zephyr children, whose night surging wail  
Chimes in with the hammock-swung sailor boy's tale.

And for Alfred they moan, thus of Alfred complain  
To the trumpeting Winds of the barque-fed main :—  
“In the fastness of death His loved form abides,—  
Why lingers his free soul consorting with tides?

“The arch of the green wave, the curl of the billow  
His spirit frequents, far away from the pillow  
Where reclines his dear head on the mouldering breast  
Of a brother-in-arms, companions at rest.

“Haste, Ocean Purveyors! proclaim with all might  
And cherub-cheek fulness, the king has his right  
For whom Alfred perished, He'll hear you anon,  
And forthwith the Heavens shall recover their own.”

Musing, the king descended, freed  
Now from all emotion ; his steed  
He led at first, until some sight  
Demanded stirrup-tiptoe height,  
Thus disentangled from the wood  
Where trees like giant soldiers stood ;  
Then spurring 'Meteor' on, 'gan urge  
Him downwards to the sands, where surge  
On surge, the level seeking tide,  
Advanced, and them had flung aside,  
Or swallowed up, had the occasion  
Been vouchsafed by their invasion.

Over the sea-weed broidered beach  
They wend their purfled way, and reach  
The rocky mount, whereon uprears  
Crairne fort :—the rugged slope appears,  
Seaward, accessible ; his horse  
Of Alpine breed, " shall dare that course,  
Come Meteor, griffin grey, I need  
Sure footed courage, utmost speed,

Haste, bear thy master to the goal  
Of all his hope, his life and soul!"

The horse, as if advised, up clomb  
The pathless rock, as from the womb  
Of dread Medusa's outpoured blood  
Sprung mighty Pegasus, and stood  
A wingèd horse, then up the steep  
Of heaven's high road did daring leap :  
It was a wondrous sight to see  
Them mount the rock thus gallantly,  
Till on its utmost height they stood,  
And breathed the fragrance of the flood ;  
A moment's pause, a moment more,  
Toward the postern gate he bore,  
Where the attendant page and groom  
Made way to give the 'Meteor' room ;  
The former struggled first to take  
The horse, whom thus the king bespoke :—

“ What Master wight, not yet abed ;  
Ere this, methinks, thy curly head  
A night-cap should confine, those locks  
All waves and tempest, ‘neath which mocks  
A dark blue eye, like mermaid sinking  
Through the deep—Go dream, Sir Stripling,  
Go”—“ No, Sir, no, first lend thine ear,  
My message must be whispered there,”—  
“ A message ?”—“ Ay, Sir Edward Rose,  
And other matters to disclose.”

We wot not what the boy recounted,  
It speedily the king dismounted,  
Who, following the Castle pawn  
Or, plague, passed through the stinted lawn  
Into the higher Western Terrace,  
Since named “ King Edward’s trysting place.”  
“ Ah, ah, I see,” quoth Carl, “ this meeting  
Gains me a master,”—then, retreating,  
“ Worshipful stranger, I will straight  
Inform my lady that you wait”....

“ Speed boy ! the poor man’s benison  
Be thine,” cried Edward, “ little one,  
Good Night”—who said “ Good Night,” was gone.  
York paced the rocky shelf alone.

Such rock the Osprey’s \* glad to find  
When aught forbodes a coming wind,  
There, fearless on its ledge to brood  
O’er the dread heaving of the flood ;  
While on its rough and jutting crag  
 Crowd the white gull and eager shag,  
 And fitfully are heard the screams,  
 Wild, floating by as troubled dreams,  
 Of sea-fowl scared, as if some sight  
 Had filled them with a dire fright,  
 For well they know each gusty moan,  
 Each intermittent, struggling groan,  
 Are sullen whispers to the deep,  
 That tempest shall the Ocean sweep,

\* Sea-eagle.

Portending an approaching fray  
Between the wind and scudding spray;  
His highness glanced upon the main,  
It lay below a glassy plain :  
This sudden midnight calm no storm  
Foretold, but stilled each moving form.

Light drenched the star-sown, fog-clad meads  
Of heaven, like mirrors breathed upon  
By mist, through which abatement shone  
Peerless decrescent, sable draped,  
Resembling Proserpine in weeds  
Of fume, from Erebus\* escaped,  
Or, a vast living central woe :—  
To cheer their Mistress from below,

\* — — “from clouds,  
Darker than Erebus, emerged.”

Erebus, a deity of hell, married Night, by whom he had the Light and the Day; but the Poets often used the word Erebus to signify hell itself, and particularly that part of it whence certain denizens passed into the Elysian fields.

The night waves talking on the sands  
Looked up and clapped\* their little hands,  
And then fell back in broken bands.

Lone watching, Edward scanned the dell,  
Remembered, Oh ! remembered well,  
Prone, cradled as a giant child  
Beside the watchful hills, high piled,  
It slept ; Frost,† Wind, a hundred rills  
Abrade and wound those parent hills  
To graduate their son, and weep,  
Gride, sigh and trickle down each steep  
Perpetual freights, to Ocean leading,  
Deposit of the Wave receding ;  
Offspring of Wave and mountain Sire !  
Rising in stature higher, higher,  
Till ages hence, no tongue can count,  
Shall see Thee, base-born, reared a mount :

\* "Let the floods clap their hands."—*Ps. xcvi. 8.*

† Such agencies are at work slowly and stealthily reducing the highest mountains to the level of the sea, whose waters retiring leave the *quondam* valley to be thus nourished  
" brought up, and again laid low.

Raised by Ancestral degradation know,  
Equal Vicissitude shall lay Thee low.

And Autumn whispered through the vale,  
Whispered of Winter, yet a tale  
Of love was being told around,  
And insect life was all astir  
On murmur'ring wing, and smote their prayer  
Upon the quick frequented air ;  
Such time\* it was when drugged with balm  
The beetle reels through midnight calm  
In busy idleness, with sound,  
Itself a silence, like the hum  
Of a far distant muffled drum ;  
Unlike the sharps of that shrill fife  
The North wind blows mid wintry life,  
Or sounds which tempest fingers scarp  
From forest depths, God's branch strung harp.

\* Autumn. On the genial coast of Devon, insect life is often thus astir through a whole Autumnal night.

She comes ! She comes ! The Star, the Bride  
Of his affections, by whose side  
He lingered, as if Paradise  
Were there, and she the peerless prize  
His young heart coveted ; in truth,  
With all the wealth of sunny youth  
He loved, and this is saying much,  
Young love is sanspareil as such.

And now the lovers' interview,  
One might dilate on this, 'tis true,  
Be guilty of the tale oft told,  
Plough on exhaustion, or be bold  
In trespass, where the poet's team  
Hath traversed, and despoiled Love's dream  
Of possible invention. Vows  
Forswearing Change, aimed at thy brows,  
Hydra Vicissitude, were poured  
Libative, but in terms ignored  
By novelty : The monarch knelt,  
A hacknied attitude, and felt—

What language never yet expressed—  
The limitless within his breast :  
“ Deep called on deep,” a soul-stirred flood  
Invoked with cries her heart’s warm blood ;  
Eliza to his bosom strained  
Felt, heard, and answered *love* unfeigned,  
That syllable, since first they met,  
A breath uncoined, unuttered yet,  
Soul heard, soul issued, abstract sound,  
Gift and response of the profound,  
Until the lapse of XXX. Hours  
Wrung from his lips the minted dowers  
Of a full heart, which sought in words  
Relief such currency affords ;  
And in that hour, still and hushed,  
These symbols of his passion rushed :  
Sacred the conference, unknown,  
Since the attendant maid had flown,  
But this he said, “ Can aught us sever ? ”  
And this she said, “ We love for ever ! ” \*

\* Thus the disguised king, without availing himself of the argument which Royalty affords, yet with Cœsarean dis-

patch, performed a "*Veni, Vidi, Vici*" exploit, far more flattering to manly pride than that of subduing a host by the *prestige* of a name.

The Muse affects not to consider it of importance that the orderly and natural sequence of events thereupon should here be sung. The Lady Gray's distinguished reception at Windsor Castle; the Tournament which followed, of which she was the fair President; how Sir H. Guy was thrice unhorsed by the mysteriously visored knight, who wore a *pearl* of immense value conspicuously nestled as a dew-drop within the folding leaves of a white rose, and how Elizabeth, "England's priceless pearl"—as we have seen her countrymen called her—perfectly understood the allusion to herself, meant to be conveyed by that jewel so chastely set in the bosom of the *Rose*; the scene, likewise, where the successful combatant claimed to have awarded to him the pledged ring, which was afterwards graciously restored to the crest-fallen Henrick by his sovereign; all which must, for the present at least, remain unsung.

Again, imagination must picture the astonishment of both guardian and ward, and the submission (as predicted) of the former, when at the homage-levee they discovered that the King of England and Edward Rose were one; how immediately afterwards Elizabeth with her mother took leave of Edward, though not before something very definite had been settled about a speedy re-union at Grafton. We subjoin Fabyan's quaint account of that convention and its crowning event:—"In most secret manner, upon the 1st May 1464, king Edward spoused Elizabeth, late being wife of Sir John Gray: which spousales were solemnized at

Grafton;—present her mother, the priest, and *two gentle-women*, and a *young man* (Godwin) to help the priest sing," who immediately after the marriage himself knelt with Helen, the elder of the young gentlewomen, before the hallowed altar, and joining hands and vows and lives, received the blessing of the same priest (O'Gower). Thus was lighted

THE TORCH HYMENEAL,

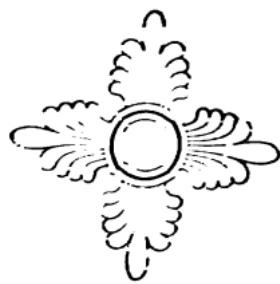
and after "the Changes and Chances" of a few more years

THE TORCH FUNEREAL.

At the east end and north aisle of St. George's Chapel, may be seen the tomb of Edward IV. On a flat stone at the foot of the monument are engraven in old English characters, the words,

*King Edward and his Queen, Elizabeth Woodville.*

FINIS.



#### ERRATA.

- Page 52, line 9, add a comma after "day."  
" 70, " 2, for "were" read "where."  
" 73, " 12, for "alone" read "atone."  
" 95, lines 7 and 8, remove inverted commas  
after "dead" to line 8, before "Then."









